Author of "Called Back."

Author of "Called Back."

of pasics. He is impocent, and will come from the ordeal unscathed. If found guity, let him die. He will not be the first innocent man who has died, nor will he be the last to die. It is but one live! He is nothing to you; think of him no more. Come what way, you will always have your sunsy home and the woman you love. Her children will grow up around you. Why hesitate! A life's happiness is to be won by simply sealing your lips. Its cost is but, supposing Justice blunders, to bear the burden of one man's death. A paltry price!

This was the temptation with which I wrestled during those long hours. Again and again I was on the point of yielding. Once or twice I rose to my feet with the fixed determination of destroying that paper, and letting things take their own course. Once or twice I even forced my steps some distance in the direction of home, but each time I turned, went back to the sheltered spot, threw myself again on the ground, and fought the battle anew.

No, I could not do this thing. I was a gentleman and a man of honer. Paltry as the price was when compared with what it might buy. I could not pay it. Although my whole soul was merged in Philippa's welfare, I could not, even for her sake, suffer an innocent man to be done unjustly to death. The crime was too black, too base, too contemptible! I felt sure that, with the man's blood morally on my head, the suprement joys which life could give would not inll my conscience to rest. I knew it would not be long before remorse and shame drove me to commit suicide.

Let the preachers say that sin is easy; that wrong is more alluring than right. There may be some sins w ich are easily com-

Let the preachers say that sin is easy; that wrong is more alluring than right. There may be some sins which are easily committed, but, I dure to say that there are others which the average man, educated by the code of honor, and dreading shame and cowardies, finds it far easier to avoid than to bring himself to commit. No, every sin is not easy!

But all the same my struggle was a mortal one. At times I fancy—it may be but fancy—that even now my mind bears some traces of that conflict; a conflict in which my vic-

of that conflict; a conflict in which my victory meant ruit to my nearest and dearest.
Was I not right when I said it hat my temptation was an all but unparalleled one! Yet in
reasserting this let me humbly disclaim all
credit for not having yielded. I strove to
yield, but could not.

It was only when I had conquered and put
the temptation from me that I was able to
see how utterly useless such a crime as that
urred upon me would have been. Doubtless
Philippa, sooner or later, would have learned
that Sir Mervyn Ferrand's supposed murderer had publishe penalty of the crime.
How would it have fared with us thenthen, when reparation was pisced out of the then, when reparation was pisced out of the question? Knowing as I did every thought of my wife's, every turn of her impulsive, sensitive nature, I was fain to tell myseli-that such news would be simply her deatl

But what was to be done! Finding that! could not compass the treachery which! dared to meditate, I cast about for another loophole of escape. What if I were to retur to England and accuse myself of the crime. To insure Philippa's safety I would right willingly give away my own life. It showed the state to which my mind was reduced when I say that I considered this scheme in all its bearings, and for a while thought it furnished a solution to my difficulties! I wonder if my brain was wandering!

Thatghed in bitter merriment as the absurdity of my new plan forced itself upon me. I hed forgotten Philippa, and what the effect of such a sacrifice would be upon her. I had forgotten that she loved me, even as I loved her; that my dying for her sake—for But what was to be done! Finding that !

loved her; that my dying for her sake—for the sake of saving her from the consequences of that gruesome night—would make an ex-pitation, if any were due from her, the most fearful which human or diabolical ingenuity ld devise. For Neither by sinning against my fellow-

man nor by a voluntary sacrifice of my own life coald I save her. After all my pro-tracted mental struggles, all my lonely hours of anguith and wild scheming. I was forced to return to the point from which I started. Philippa must surrender herself, and free this innocent man. There was, indeed, no

alternative!
And a day gens, or all but gone! The trial on the 20th! To reach England—to reach Tewnham in time to stop that trial, we must travel day and night across sunny or starlit Spain—across pleasant France—we must speed on, until we reached our own native land, now lying in all the rich calm of the early autumn. I must lead my wife; my love, to her doom!

I rose from the ground. I felt weary, and

us if I had been cudgeled in every limb. I dragged myself slowly back to my home. "She must be told; she must be told. But how to tell her?" I muttered as I went along. bow to tell her? I muttered as I went along. My appearance must have been wretched, for I received the impression that several grave looking Sevillanos turned and looked after me as I passed by. Even as a cowardly felon who drags himself slowly to the scaffold I dragged myself to the gate of my pleasant home, and on tottering feet passed into that fraggant space in which the happiest hours of my life had been spent.

As I entered, the remembrance of some tale which once I had read flashed through my mind—a tale of the ferocity of a bygone age. It was of a prisoner who was forced by his captors to strike a dagger into the heart of the woman he loved. I know not where the tale is to be found or where I read it.

But it seemed to me that mine was a

CHAPTER XIII. THE LAST HOPE.

They were sitting in the courtyard, my mother and my wife. They looked the em-bodiment of serene happiness. Their large fans—the use of the fan came like an inspifans—the use of the fan came like an inspiration to Philippa, my mother acquired it after much practice—were languidly waving to and fro. Pullippa's rounned arm was outstretched; her tair left hand was in the clear water which fell from the fountain and filled a white marble basin, in which the gold carp darted about in erratic tacks. She was moving her fingers gently backward and forward, startling the timid fish, and helf smilling at their terror. It seemed to me that my mother was remonstrating at the uproar site was creating in the brilliant coated republic.

the uproar she was creating in the brilliant coated republic.

That picture is still in my mind. That picture I can at now in my chair, lay down my pen, and call up every picture of that time. Nothing save the grief has ever, or ever will, fade from my memory.

It was well for both of us that I had fought out the battle with myself in soll-tede, where no eye could see me, where I could see no one. Even as it was knowing what a change my news must work, I pansed, and a ghost of the day's temptation rose before me. But it rose too late. The die was cast. Philippa had seen me, and my mother's eyes followed hera. I braced myself up and went towards them with as jaunty a manner as I could assume. My mother began a mock tirade on my slame-ful desertion of Philippa and berself. Her mother began a mock tirade on my stame-ful desartion of Philippa and herself, Her words carried no meaning to my ears. My eyes met those of my wife.

With her I made no attempt at concealment. Where was the good! The worst, the very worst, had come. My eyes must have told her the truth.

I saw her sweet face catch fire with alarm.

I saw her lips quiver. I saw the leaders.

I saw her sweet face catch fire with alarm.
I saw her lips quiver. I saw the look of
anguish flash into her eyes; yet I knew
that I was helpless, utterly helpless.
She rose: I made some conventional excase and went to my room. In a moment
Philippa was at my side.
"Basil, husband, love," she whispered, "it
has come!"

has come!"
I laid my head on the table and sobbed gloud. Philippa's arms were wreathed dround my neck.
"Bearest, I knew it must come. I have known thever so, long. Buill, do not weep.



"Busil, do not weep. Once more, I tell you, I am not worth such love as yours."

I covered her dear face with kisses. strained her to my heart. I lavished words of love upon her. She smiled faintly, then sighed hopelessly—a sigh which almost broke

sighed hopelessly—a sigh which almost broke my heart.

"Tell me all, my love," she said calmly. "Let me know the very worst."

I could not spenk; for the life of me the words would not come. With trembling hands I drew out the newspaper and pointed to the fatal lines. She read them with a calm which almost alarmed me.

"I knew it must be," was all she said.

I threw myself on my knees before her. I embraced her. I was half distraught. Save for my wild ejaculations of undying love.

for my wild ejaculations of undying love there was silence for many minutes between

Tresently, with great force, she raised my bead and looked at me with her sweet and

sorrowful eyes.

"Basil, my dearest, you have been wrong.

Been wrong. See The right is right, the The right is right, the wrong is wrong. See what you have done! Had you not striven to save me, only I should have had to answer for this. Now it is you and me, and perhaps a third—an innocent, stainless life, that will be wrecked!"

"Spare me! Spare me!" I said. "As you love me, spare me?"
She kissed me. "Dearest, forgive me. should not blame you. Only I am to blame."
Then, with a sudden change in her voice,
"When do we start for England, Basil?"

Although I expected this question, I trem-bled and shuddered as I heard it. Too well I knew what England meant. It meant

I knew what England meant. It meant Philippa's standing in open court, in a prisoner's dock, the centre of a gaping crowd, self-accused of the murder of her husband! And as I pletured this once more, and for the last time, the temptation shook me.

I spoke, but I averted my oves from hers. I could not meet them. My voice was husky and strange; it sounded like the voice of another man. A sort of undercurrent of thought ran through me, that if Philippa would but share it, I could bear any burden, any dishonor.

any dishonor.

"Listen!" I said, in quick accents. "We are far away, safe. We love each other. We can be happy. Let the man take his chance. What does anything matter, so long as we love and are together?"

Light that her are were acting wine.

chance. What does anything matter, so long as we love and are together?"

I felt that her eyes were seeking mine. I felt a change in the clasp of her hand. I knew that she was nobler and better than I. "Basil," she said, softly, and speaking like one in a dream, "it was not my husband, not the man I love, who said that. I forgive you for the sake of your great love, for the sake of all you have done, or tried to do, for me. Tell me now, when do we start for England?"

Her words brought back my senses. Never in the wildest height of my passion had I loved Philippa as I loved her at that moment. I besought her pardon. She gave it, and once more repeated her question.

With the calm of settled despair I consulted the railway-guide, and found that if we left Seville to-morrow morning by the first train, we might, by travelling day and night, early on the morning of the twenticts reach years in which the tail was to

night, early on the morning of the twenti-eth reach the town in which the trial was to be held. I made the result of my researches known to my wife; and upon my assuring her that we should have time to spare, she left all the arrangements of the journey to

me.

After this, another painful question arose, Was my mother to be told? Philippa, who may, perhaps, in her secret heart have craved for a woman's support and sympathy in her approaching trial, at first insisted that my mother should be taken into our confidence—a confidence which, alas! in a few days' time would be gossip to the world. I besought her to waive the point, to spare I besought her to waive the point, to spare my mother's feelings until the very last moment. We could not take her with us on our hurried journey. We were young; she was old. The fatigue, combined with the grief, would be more than her frame could endure I could not bear to think of her waiting lonely in Seville for the bad news which she knew must come in a day or two from Engaged. Let us say nothing represent the land. Let us say nothing respecting the wretched errand on which we are bound. Let us depart in secret, and leave some plausible explanation behind us.

To my relief Fhilippa at last consented to this. Then, after a long, tearful embrace, we steeled ourselves to join my mother at we steeled conserves to join my mother at the evening meal, and to bear ourselves so that she should suspect nothing of the tempest within our hearts. We did not very long subject ourselves to this strain upon our nerves. It seemed to me now that every moment speat otherwise than alone with my wife was a precious treasure wasted, a loss which I should forever regret. So very early we pleaded fatigue, and retired to our rest. Such rest!

Philippa bade my mother good night with an embrace so long and passionate that I feared it would awaken alarm, especially when it was succeeded by my own veiled, but scarcely less emotional, adieu. For who could say that we should ever meet again! I do not believe it struck Philippa that in accompanying her I was running the slightthe evening meal, and to

I do not believe it struck Philippa that in accompanying her I was running the slightest risk. Had she thought so, she would have insisted upon going alone. But I knew that the part I had played in that night's work would probably bring a severe punishment upon my own head. What did I care for that!

Silently and sadly in the retirement of our room we made our preparations for the journey, which began with the morn. There was no need to cumber ourselves with much luggage. We should rest in no bed until the trial was aver. What resting-place might then be Philippa's, Heaven only knew! So our package was soon completed.

then I wrote a letter, to be given to or Then I wrote a letter, to be given to or found by my mother in the morning. I told her that an important matter took me posthaste to England; that Philippa had determined to accompany me; that I would write as soon as we reached London. I gave no further explanation. I hoped she would attribute my sudden flight to the erratic nature which she often averred I possessed.

After all, the deception mattered little. In a week's time nothing would matter. Grief, overwhelming grief, would be my portion; a portion which, by her affection for me and for Philippa, my poor mother would be forced to share.

All being now ready for our start, we strove to win some hours of sheep. Our efforts were mocked to scorn. Through that, the last night we could spend together. I believe neither my wife nor myesif closed an eyelid. Let me draw a veil over my wild distress and Philippa's calm acquiescence in her fata. Some grief is too sacred to describe.

seribe.

Morning! Bright, broad, clear, cool, odorous morning! Our slee pleasures had at slast spared us the anguish of awaking, and, while for a mothent glorying in the beauty of the world, to remember what this morning meant to us. Giving ourselves ample time to reach the railway station, we crept from our room, and, with eyes full of blinding tears, crossed the pleasant patio. I panced in the centre, and plucking a lovely spray from the great orange tree, kissed it and gave it to my wife. Without a word she placed in in the bosom of her dress. As

size drew her mantle aside to do so, for the first time I noticed that she wore the very free which clad her on that fatel night. Although it was utterly insaited to the almost tropical best through which we should have to travel, I dared not remonstrate with hor. Now, of all times, her slightest wish should be my law.

Nelselessly I undid the massive studded wooden gate, which at night time closed the entrance to the patte. Unseen, we stepped into the shady, narrow street. Our luggage was light. I could carry it with ease to the station, which was only a short distance off. We were there only too soon.

We had to wait some time are the train, which, following the example of the true Spaniard, declines on any consideration to be hurried, made its appearance. We took our seats in sileance. At last the dignified train condescended to move onward. We sat side by side, and gazed and gazed in the sat side by side, and gazed and gazed in the sat side by side, and gazed and gazed in the we were flying; gazed until we saw the very last of it, until even the great towering Giraldia was lost to view. Then, and only then, I think we fully realized to what end we were speeding.

The next three days and nights seem now little more to me than a whirling dream. On and on we went to work out our fate, over the same ground which I had traversed, with scarcely less agitated feelings, some months ago. I ground my teeth when I thought how little my strenuous and seemingly successful efforts had avalled. Now, not from any omission of precaution; not because the law compelled; not by the exercise of force; but simply on account of the great dictum of right and wrong, we were,

not from any omesand; not by the exercise of force; but simply on account of the great dictum of right and wrong, we were, of our own accord, retracing our steps to face the danger from which we had fled. Oh, bitter irony of destiny!

What was money to me now! Nothing but so much dross! It could do one thing, only one, that gold which I lavished so freely on that journey. It could assure that Philippa and I might travel alone. It could give us privacy for the time that journey

give us privacy for the time that journey lasted, that was all!
Yet although alone, we spoke but little. Yet although alons, we spoke but have.
Our thoughts were not such as can be expressed by words. Her hand in mine, her
head on my shoulder—sleeping when we
could sleep, waking and looking into each
other's faces—knowing that every mile of
sunny or stariit country over which we
sunny or stariit country over which we other's faces—knowing that every mine of sunny or starlit country over which we passed brought us nearer to the end. Ah! I understool then how it is that lovers who are menaced by some great sorrow can kill themselves, and die smiling in each other's arms! We might have done so; but our deaths would have left to perish that stranger whom we were speeding to save.

So, as in a dream, the hours, the days, the So, as in a dream, the hours, the days, the nights, went by. We might have been trav-siling through the fairest scenery in the world, or through the most arid desert. I scarcely troubled to glance out of the car-riage window. The world for me was in-side.

It was after we left Paris-Paris, which It was after we left Paris—Paris, which to day seemed almost within stone's throw of London—that I aroused myself and braced my energies to discuss finally with Philippa our proper plan of action. I felt that my right course would be to go straight to some solicitor, tell the tale, and ask him to put matters in train. But I could not bring myself to do this. Our secret was as yet our own. Moreover, through the misery of those hours, one ray of hope had broken upon me. If Philippa could be brought to yield to my guidance, to follow my instructions, it was not beyond the bounds of possibility that we might be saved, and saved with clean hands.

with clean hands.
"Dearest," I whispered, "to-night we shall be in London." Her fingers tightened on mine. "And at Tewnham?" she said. "We shall be in

time!"
"In ample time. But, Philippa, listen—"
"Basil, as you love me, not one word to
tempt, to dissaude me!"
"Not one; but listen. Sweetest, if you
will be guided by me, even now all may go
well. This man—"
"The poor man who is standing in my
place!"

"The poor man who is standing it my place?"
"Yes; listen. Heaven forbid that Ishould tempt you. Think; he is, no doubt, a man of a lowly station in life. Philippa, I am rich, very rich."
"I do not understand you," she said, pressing her hand to her brow.
"Money will compensate for anything. Let him stand his trial. He is innocent. If there is justice in the land, he may, he must be found not guilty."
"But the agony of mind he must pass through!"

"For that I will pay him over and over again. He may be but a country boor, to whom a thousand pounds would be inex-haustible wealth. But, whatever his stahaustible weath. But, whatever his saction, the compensation sent to him by an unknown hand shall make him bless the day which laid him under the faise accusation. Reflect, look at the matter in every light. I swear to you that, in my opinion, we may, with a clear conscience, await the result of the trial.

with a clear conscience, await the result of the trial.

She sig bed, but made no answer. Her silence was a joy to me. It told me that my specious argument carried weight. I took her hands and kissed them. I told her again and again that I loved her; that my life as well as hers depended on her yielding.

It was long before she yielded. The thought of a fellow-creature lying in prison, perhaps for months, and to morrow to stand in shame before his judges, on account of a deed which she herself had done, was anguish to her noble mature. Then, growing desperate at seeing the only plank which could save us from wreck spurned for the sake of what, in my present mood, I was able to believe too finely strained a scruple, I used my last and, as I rightly judged, my most powerful argument. I told her that it would be not only she who would suffer for that unconscious act, but that I, her husband, must pay the penalty due from an accessory after the crime.

the penalty due from an accessory after the crime.

Haaven forgive me for the anguish my words caused that loving heart! Philippa, in whom the intelligence of my danger fell like a thunderbolt, sank back in her seat, pale and trembling. Had I ever doubted that my wife's heart-whole love was my own that look would have dispelled the doubt.

She prayed and besought me to leave her at the next station; to let her finish the journey and make her avowal alone. My reply was short, but sufficiently long to put all hope of my consenting to such a course out of her head. Then, for my sake, she yielded.

"On one condition—one only," she said.

"Be guided by me in this. In all else you shall do as you like."

"I must be in the court, Basil. I must hear the trial. If the worst happen, there must not be the delay of a moment; then and there I must proclaim the truth."

"You shall be at hand—close at hand. I will be present,

will be present,

will be present.

"No! I must be there. I must bear and see all. If the man is found guilty, I must, before his horrible sentence is pronounced, stand up and declare his innocence."

"All that could be done afterwards." "All that could be done afterwards."
"No; it must be deue then. Basil, fancy—
put yourself in his place! Nothing could
atone for his anguish at bearing bimself
condemned to death for a crime be knows
nothing of. I must be there. Promise me I
shall be there, and for your sake I will do as
you wish."
It was the best concession I could get. I

you wish."

It was the best concession I could get. I promised. I concealed the fact that if, when sentence was pronounced, a woman rose in the body of the court, and asserted the prathe body of the court, and asserted the pris-oner's innocence and her own guilt, the probabilities were she would be summarily ejected. This made no difference. Let Philippa be silent; let the man be found not guilty, and the next train could bear fus back to Seville.

Yes, even now there was hope!

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CRIMINAL COURT.

We reached Charing Cross at 4 o'clock on the morning of September 20. The first train by which we could get to Tewnham was timed to leave Liverpool street at seven, so that we had an hour or two to spare for such refreshment as we cared to take, such rest as we dared to allow curselves. What with the fatigue of continuous travel, and the dread of what this day was to bring forth, it may be easily believed that we were thoroughly worn out. We were, indeed, more ditted to go to bed and sleep for a week than to proceed upon the last stage of our dismal journey.

But there was no belp for it. If we mean to be in time we must go on by the early morning train. I begged my wife to be down, and endeavor to snatch an hour's alesp. She refused firmly. Much of that calm which had characterized her since the moment when I broke the fatal news to her had vanished. Its place was now taken by an excitement, suppressed, but nevertheless Continued on Third Page.

"CALAMITY" Chalmers is comatose.

MAHONISM is dying hard in Virginia, but it is dying all the same.

THE first section of the Panama canal will be opened in October,

THE Mahone papers are carrying on the campaign with italic letters. BLOOD-thirsty warriors like Hoar

and Sherman should be in the army, "PREADAMITE" is the new front name bestowed upon the white-souled

FRANCE has lost 15,000 men and 1,000,000,000 francs in the Tonquin campaign.

of "dose Spoonyards" as he was of "dot Koolers." SENATOR COKE, of Texas, says

Prohibition is the mania of women

who think babies a nuisance."

BISMARCK was not so much afraid

MR. ROSCOE CONKLING Was one of the 565 saloon passengers who sailed by the Etruria from Liverpool, Satur-

GOVERNOR LOWRY has appointed Mr. Ramsey Wharton as State Commissioner to the New Orleans Exposi-

A FRENCH family of nine members reside in a four-room tenement in Dover, Delaware, and take twelve

KENTUCKY's feud crop has not been scaled down by the drouth or rains, and the harvest of dead produced this year is as abundant as ever.

fate that Jumbo should have been wrecked by a freight engine not big enough to contain his remains.

THE Boston Herald rebukes the Mississippi Republicans for assuming in the South specially chosen for their two months before an election that fitness for the departments to which freedom to vote will not be granted.

A CLERGYMAN at Mount Desert is said to have recently closed his prayer | Robert G Lowe. by saying: "O Lord, now that our Summer vistors have departed wilt thou take their place in our hearts."

THE Birmingham reporter who was shot by a woman "because he threw a cloud on her marital relations" will not be so careless with his clouds here-

JUMBO was more widely known, and will be more deeply regretted than many a statesman who has ruled the destinies of a nation. Such is elenantine fame.

As soon as the Prussians got man, the Russian of the Poles out of played here to-day between the Mutuals Warsaw commenced. It is a clean case of O'Prussian all around.

PARSON NEWMAN says that "Grant's death cemented the Union of the North and are an elegant set of gentlemen. and South ; his ghost shall haunt the man who would disturb that peace." The response comes from Ohio: "Who's afraid of ghosts?"

the trouble to inform themselves as to who are Beck's leading supporters in the city and in the county, they will firmly resolve that he shall never again be the sheriff of this county.

THERE are hints, that some of the less important of the Democratic nominees are disposed to make terms with the Rads to secure their own election. We warn all such, that any treachery to the Democratic ticket, by any man on it will be followed by his prompt removal from it by the Democratic Executive Committee.

THE Jackson Clarion says "the ticket nominated by the Democrats of Col. W. L. Nugent, was married last warren county is worthy of success. It should be backed up by a little of the fire of 1874 and 1875." We think our people are determined on a thorough reform of our local affairs and fully understand the importance of satin, with lace overdress, while the electing all of the Democratic nomi-

CHALMERS has written an open letter to Governor Hoadly, of Ohio, in which he declares that not only negroes but whites, who oppose the Democratic to negro rule.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

There is a way for the citizens of Vicksburg to regain the losses by the recent heavy rains. The way to do it, is to make more vigorous efforts for the trade which ought to come here. One of the best modes of doing that, is to have a splendid place of out-door amusements that will bring thousands of people here for days at a time, once or twice a year. Attractions of the sort are absolutely necessary to every city of any pretensions. In this State Aberdeen, Meridian, Greenville, and other places not nearly so able to offer line attractions are entirely successful, while Vicksburg has up to this time been content to see the people give her the go-by. There is not a finer location in the Gulf States for outdoor sports than Vicksburg. It is in bring the crowds here.

Let us show the citizens the advantages that will follow a little enterprise in this direction. With the liberal co-operation of the citizens, without, in our opinion any risk of loss on the stock, the Fair Association will have a successful meeting for five days in November. It is safe to estimate that the drills, races, shoots, tournaments. and so forth, will bring to the city three thousand visitors daily, or say, fifteen thousand during the meeting. They will spend, on an average, ten dollars each, making one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for all of them, In addition to this, many of them will make business relations with our merchants, and all of them will, to a cer- volver to fire at Davis. I saw his tain extent, advertise the city and its movement, struck the weapon with

All this can be secured by simply taking a few thousand dollars in stock, which it is exceedingly probable, will life!' I got the prisoner out of the pay a handsome profit.

THE Daily Dallas News will issue October 1st. The press arrived yester-It is one of the singular caprices of day. The building, a heautiful and commodious structure, was finished Tuesday and turned over to the owners. The News will start with a magnificent circulation. Its staff will embrace the most experienced journalists they are assigned, and will be under the editorial management of Mejor

> MR. A. M. GIBSON, who was for twelve years the Washington correspondent of the New York Sun, has written the history of the theft of the Presidency by the Radicals in 1876. The book is called, "A Political Crime," contains 400 pages and is written in Mr. Gibson's most forcible and interesting style. The book is published by Wm. S. Gottsberger, 11 Murray street, New York, and will be issued early in October.

From Bolton. Special to Commercial Herald.

BOLTON, MISS., Sept. 17-The game through Russian the Poles out of Ger- of base ball which was to have been of Jackson and Rouths of Vicksburg did not take place as per agreement, owing to the failure of the latter to put in an appearance. The Jackson boys came to the front in fine style, They were taken in charge on the r arrival here and entertained handsomely by the citizens of the place. They showed their appreciation by turning out in the evening and playing our local nine for the edification of If the honest taxpayers will take those present, which consisted of a majority of the ladies and gentlemen of our town. The original affair as intended was looked forward to with much interest and proved quite a disappointment to our citizens as well as those who we; more directly interest-

FROM JACKSON.

Death of the Infant Daughter of Cen. C. Y. Freeman -- Marriage of Mr. Sommerville to Miss Nugent, a fallen foe, Special to the Commercial Heraid.

JACKSON, MISS., Sept. 17 .- Yates Freeman, infant daughter of Gen. G. Y. Freeman, died here to-day after a short illness.

Miss Millie Nugent, daughter of Greenville, Dr. C. G. Andrews officiating. The wedding was private, only a few intimate friends of the family being present. The beautiful bride was handsomely dressed in white groom was attired in conventional A magnificent supper was spread in honor of the happy couple.

The Cyclone in Texas. WASHINGTON, Sept. 19 .- The cyclone

is now central in the west gulf. The signal service observer at Indianola reported at 12:20 p.m. yesterday: " No party, are disfranchised in the South. abatement of the storm and the same If his letters have no more weight in | conditions of the weather as at last Ohio than they do in Mississippi, he report. Expect the water is rising and will not be able to do much towards town. At the same rate it has risen convincing Ohio Democrats that the the water will be fully in the main whites of the South ought to submit street of this city to morrow morning."

JEFFERSON DAVIS

At Last Breaks the Slience of Years and Refutes the Slanders that Have Been Published Every-where Troughout the Union in Regard to His Capture by the Union Troops in 1865.

BEAUVOIR, M188., Sept. 9, 1885. To the Editor of the New York Herald: On my return after a protracted absence from home I received a slip from your journal, which I inclose for greater convenience in noticing its

contents:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Aug. 16 .- At the recent reunion of the veterans of the Fourth Indiana Cavalry, in this city, Lieut. Isgrigg, of the command, who was provest marshal at Macon, Ga., at time of the capture of Jefferson Davis, related the circumstances of the capture. He described his participation in this affair as follows: "I went out to the line of my jurisdiction to receive Davis. Two the center of a rich country and has miles and a half from Macon he beample river and railroad facilities to came my prisoner, and I brought him to the city in an old farm wagon. It was a vehicle with a great deal to condemn it in the way of unsightliness. It had weaknesses all over it, but sufficient strength to hold Jefferson Davis. myself and his secretary. The rebel chief sat between us, and over his head. from a pole fixed to the seat, hung the hoop skirt, calico wrapper and an old straw hood which formed his disguise when captured.

"50 Jeff Davis was disguised?" "Yes. It is no use to question the fact. The articles of his costume hung from that pole. Davis bore himself with the fortitude of a brave man in trouble. He was courteons to me and to the guard-talked freely on every question but that relating to the result of the war."

"When we stopped at the International Hotel, and were about to get out of the wagon, Capt. Thompson of the Fourth Indiana Cavalry drew his remy arm, and the bullet tore my coat and shirt. At the moment Davis, seeing Thompson's purpose, cried out. 'For God's sake, Lieutenant, save my wagon and into the hotel with a good deal of alacrity."
"After that I met Davis at the Louis-

ville Hotel in 1872, when he recognized me, and approaching, said: "I must thank you again, Lieutenant Isgrigg, for saving my life.' We had quite a chat about the war then. Before this I had received a letter of thanks from him. He was my prisoner eight days, together with his wife, daughter and the commissary of his guard. These three we took into Macon in an old family carriage. Jeff was not sulky as a prisoner, but we could see that the breaking of the Confederacy bore greviously on his thoughts!

Though accustomed to see slanderous publications in regard to myself, I have read this with no little surprise. because of the total absence of any foundation or pretext on which to build the fiction. I avail myself of your usual courtesy in asking you to publish this seriatim refutation of the several

statements of the story.
It is not true, as stated, that I was turned over to the custody of one Lieut, Isgrigg two and a half miles (or any other distance) from Macon. The troops by whom I was captured remained my guard to Macon, and a detachment of them accompanied me to Fortress Monroe in charge of their own officers.

Equally untrue is it that I rode with the said Isgrigg and my secretary (or with any one else) in "an old farm wagon." My private secretary, Burton N. Harrison, Esq. now a member of the bar of New York, was captured with me, and rode on horseback to Macon. I had, for several days, occupied an ambulance with my wife and children, and rode into Macon in it.

There was no such cowardly attempt to offer insult to me as would have been shown by hanging over my head the articles of clothing which Isgrigg falsely avers I had worn at the time of my capture. Nor did my captors obtain, at the time of my capture, the hoopskirts, etc., which Isgrigg describes, unless they were found among the apparel taken when the trunks of my wife and her female servants were pillaged.

On our arrival at the hotel in Macon a small body of troops in front of the entrance was at open ranks, facing inward. When I got out of the ambulance to enter the hotel they presented arms while I passed through, and I received the salute as an expression of the feeling brave men show to

The story of "Capt. Thompson of the Fourth Indiana Cavalry" attempting to shoot me as I entered the Ma con hotel is wholly fictitious, and I leave it to that regiment itself to repel the imputation that one of its officers would have been guilty of so dastardly an assault on a prisoner.

Upon that falsehood the narrator hangs another, that I met him at the Louisville Hotel in 1872, recognized him and renewed thanks to him "for saving my life," and that I had previously written a letter of thanks to I have not been in the Louishlm. ville Hotel since the war. I do not remember ever to have seen or heard of this Lieut. Isgrigg at any time or place, and it is not true that, as he alleges, I was eight days in his custody. or that I have ever written to him a letter of thanks. I remained at Macon but a few hours; and was sent forward to Fortress Monroe the evening of the day of my arrival there.

Yours respectfully, JFFFERSON DAVIS.

FRANK BERTE, who killed a man at Covington, Ky., with a blow of his fist last Monday, is anxious to meet Sullivan.